

## Drunken Things by Rhiw

**Series:** [Small Town Blues \[1\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Abusive Parents, Alpha Billy Hargrove, Alpha Carol, Alpha Nancy, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha/Omega, Angst and Fluff and Smut, Chases, Consensual Underage Sex, F/F, F/M, M/M, Neglect is a real thing, Omega Steve Harrington, Omega Tommy H, Omegas have actual vajays, Oral Sex, Parents sometimes suck, Rough Sex, Stupid Teenagers being stupid, Tommy is treated as a real character, Underage Drinking, Underage Sex, Vaginal Fingering, Vaginal Sex, holy shit that's a tag, i love this site, omega jonathan, poorly written dirty talk

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**Summary:**

Nancy and Steve break up before Tina's party. Steve finds himself on the rebound, damned and determined to have some fun. Billy just wants to get laid.

Aka: The ABO of Stranger Things no one asked for. Written while drunk, with drunk characters, and lots of angst and smut and shit. Enjoy.

# 1. Tina's

## Summary for the Chapter:

Whatever. He was going to go out tonight, get wasted, and have a good time for once.

Nancy Wheeler and the Upside Down be damned.

## Notes for the Chapter:

Un-betaed, mainly because I'm drunk. I was challenged to write Billy/Steve ABO while drunk. Ask and you shall receive.

The house was quiet.

Steve rarely kept it that way; usually there was always a TV or a radio or the record player on – anything to fill the void that was his empty home. But occasionally Steve liked to do this. He's not sure when his strange obsession with the air registers started, though he remembers doing it from a pretty early age. He had one that was his favorite – a floor vent in an out-of-the-way guest room that was never used – and he'd stretch out on the carpet before it, facing pressed as close as it could go without touching the metal of the vent, and tried to lose himself in the sound of the rushing air and the cold, cold air. Sometimes he'd take a towel in with him and pin it around his shoulders and head then turn, staring up at in awe as it blew up like a balloon around him, coloring his world and whatever design and colors were on the towel he'd picked.

He'd picked that room – that particular guest room – because it was the furthest away from the dining room.

Steve's folks always fought in the dining room, hell if he knew why. The place was filled with expensive antiques and other delicate things that cost more than Steve's beemer. His parents never came to this side of the house – the side that held six out of the seven bedrooms. The master bedroom was on the second floor, taking up nearly the entirety of it, while Steve's rooms and the guest rooms

were on the first floor and opposite side of the house.

That was the only good thing about his parents being absent all the time; Steve didn't have to listen to them fight constantly. Why they just didn't get a divorce like every other parent set he knew, he had no idea. Steve's mother had always resented being forced to stay in Hawkins, so as soon as it was deemed socially acceptable to leave after giving birth, Steve got live-in nannies. He'd been about three or so and he had pretty fond memories of the first nanny. Her name was Maria, a sweet old Greek lady who used to bundle him up on her lap and sing softly to him in her birth language.

She was gone the first time his mother, Linda, heard Steve call her '*Momma*.' It was the same for the two nanny's that followed, each lasting about a year or so, until Steve learned that they, just like his parents, most likely weren't going to be around for long and just started ignoring them completely. When Steve had turned thirteen and had his first heat, it was declared that he was old enough to watch himself and the nannies had stopped. There had still been a maid who dropped by to clean bring enough food to last him a week or so, but she'd stop coming once Steve was sixteen and had his license. His folks considered him 'adult' enough to keep house and go out and buy food if needed, plus they thought sixteen was a good time for Steve to start preparing for his next role in life; a house husband. Because, as an Omega, that was pretty much all he was destined for. Right?

Right.

Steve scoffed.

So he kept house and cooked for himself, which was hardly a struggle since the majority of the time it was just Steve. It wasn't like Steve's parents never came home, they came home around the holidays sometimes, and often made it home for his birthday. It wasn't so bad, really. Steve had this huge house that he was practically king of all to himself, three credit cards with no limit, and a walk-in closet that was probably the size of some of his classmate's bedrooms. That kind of shit didn't pay for itself.

But if Steve was totally honest, he did get lonely. It wouldn't be so

bad if he was allowed to have some sort of pet, something alive to come home to, something to just be happy he existed. But his mom hated all kinds of pets because pets meant pet hair and pet hair *never really goes away, Stevie*.

The vent air was cold even though he'd set the inside temp to seventy-two. With the fan constantly on, it cycled between hot and cold in a way that made shivers run up his spine. Steve leaned back against the wall, enjoying how the vent blew cold air up the back of his shirt. Goosebumps broke out across his forearms, up the back of his neck and around his hairline, but Steve didn't move.

A part of him wanted a smoke, but the draw of staying in the quiet room where he could pretend that there was nothing outside of it – no monsters, no upside down, no empty house, no *Nancy Wheeler* was too strong.

Steve almost wanted to ditch the party tonight, but he knew he couldn't. He may not be friends with Tommy or Carol – or anyone else at school anymore, not close friends anyway – but Steve knew that not going was a sign of weakness to Nancy and the others at school. Nancy's wonderfully public (and pathetic, god Steve had looked so *pathetic* standing in front of his locker, mouth open, unable to register what was happening as Jonathan watched from a distance, chewing on his lips and looking distraught and guilty and victorious and *what the hell, Jonathan was his friend now* and-) breakup with him had ensured that everyone knew about it.

Steve's lips twisted and he reached over, sipping from his coke to clear the lump in his throat. He wanted to be mad at Jonathan, really he did. They'd become friends over the last ten months. Well, not close friends, but friends, which was something that Steve hadn't had a hell of a lot of after ditching Tommy and Carol's small mindedness for Nance. But Steve had always seen the way Jonathan looked at Nancy, he'd always known how the other Omega had felt for her, and he couldn't blame Jonathan for wanting Nancy.

But Nancy...god, Steve had thought she was the one. Like, the one he was going to marry. He had even been willing to stay in Hawkins for another year (or longer, if college applications went the way he feared) for her to graduate. When he thought of Nancy, Steve saw

graduating college together, getting married, buying a house, having kids. Everything. She was so bright and kind, she'd brought such happiness to Steve's life, she made him feel as if he was finally worth it to someone. Things...things *had* been weird the last few months, though. The closer they got to the anniversary of Barb's disappearance, the more strained things got between them. Steve should have seen this coming, probably.

He'd tried to help in the only way he knew how. They *couldn't* do what Nancy wanted; they couldn't tell Barb's parents what happened. They'd practically signed away their lives to the men in black suits and the consequences of what happened if they broke that nondisclosure was spelled out to them in blunt, unforgiving terms. So, he'd taken her out more, bought her more things, threw more parties, and tried to help her forget what was making her sad in the only way Steve knew how.

He should have known it wouldn't work. It didn't usually work for Steve.

Whatever.

It was done.

At least they'd waited a week before being seen out together. A whole week.

Steve glanced at his watch and stood. He was starting to push reasonably late, but Tina lived like five minutes away. Steve wasn't even going to drive. One wall of the guestroom was a marbled mirror and he took the moment to check his hair, before turning around to check his butt. He was dressed up as James Dean in *Rebel Without a Cause*, with tight jeans and a white shirt that clung to his body, and a bright red Baracuta jacket. He didn't slick his hair back though, he kept it in his usual style.

He looked good.

Steve knew he did; if you could ignore how tired he looked. Steve hadn't been sleeping well that last few weeks, his house just seemed so big and empty, a highlight of how alone he really was. Whatever.

He was going to go out tonight, get wasted, and have a good time for once.

Nancy Wheeler and the Upside Down be damned.

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Seeing Tommy at the party surprisingly hurt. It was kind of a shitty thing to feel, given the fact that it was really Steve who'd cut all contact between the two of them. Still, he and Tommy had been close once. His father, Andrew, worked for Steve's dad as the head of the Hawkins branch of the company (and the original branch) while his dad split his time between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and Chicago. Tommy had been an 'acceptable' friend for Steve; his father was influential and efficient – two things that Robert Harrington respected above all else – and another Omega as well.

They'd been having sleep overs and playdates since they'd practically been born, and they'd been on the same soft ball and gymnastics teams forever as well. They'd been closer before puberty – before the scent of heats brought Carol and nameless other Alphas for Steve around – and while it had been Steve who finally cut all ties with Tommy (pissed and betrayed, as it was, by his lifelong friends inability to accept what he was convinced was the love of his life) he ultimately felt that it had been Tommy who had hammered the last few nails of the coffin that was their friendship.

Tommy had always looked down on Nancy. Whether it was because she wasn't popular or as rich, or about as far from a typical female Alpha as could be, he wasn't sure. It had irritated Steve, but he honestly had thought that Tommy – and therefore Carol – would come around. In the end, it wasn't really how he treated Nancy that hurt Steve, it was how resistant Tommy was to Steve changing. Nancy had shown Steve that he could be so much more than just King Steve, the Omega who always had a good time. She believed he could go to college, could do more than just be someone's little house Omega, she'd believed he was more than just a free source of booze and parties, or a quick blow job in a car.

Steve had no idea how much he needed to hear that until she'd come along.

That Tommy dismissed that with such unconcerned indifference had hurt. Tommy didn't care that Steve wanted to be more, what was worse he saw no need for Steve to be more. And that...that had stung.

Tommy gave him a long look, clad head to toe in a Cobra marital arts outfit from the Karate Kid, before snorting dismissively and grinding back on an already drunk looking Carol. Steve bristled, but ignored him and made his way over to the punch bowl. He blinked rapidly at how strong the alcohol was in the 'punch,' but drained his cup anyway before refilling it.

He was going to get messed up tonight, damn't. He was going to have fun.

But any real hopes he had of having a good time left when he spotted Nancy, looking at him with those big eyes, Jonathan staring at his shoes besides her. She looked at him with such concern, such earnest emotion that it made something angry bubble up in his chest; something hot and dark because *how dare she* after everything?

Steve ignored her and shouldered his way over to where the snacks were. He inhaled a sandwich, steadfast ignoring the weight of Nancy's eyes. Nancy, however, didn't seem to get the memo that Steve was set to pretend she didn't exist. He bit back a groan when she appeared behind him, a manicured hand gripping his sleeve carefully.

"Hey Steve."

"Nance," he greeted, pulling his arm away.

The Alpha frowned, hands fiddling by her side. "Steve...you...look good. I didn't think you'd come."

Steve sighed, looking upwards for a moment before giving the shorter girl a long look. "Thanks, Nancy. Jonathan looks like he doesn't know what the hell to do with himself, better get back."

"Steve-"

"Nancy. Just. Don't, okay?"

Nancy's shoulders dropped, long lashes blinking rapidly and the anger grew harsher because what the fuck, how is it she gets to be the one upset? *You left me*, Steve wanted to shout, *you left me after a year over shit that I couldn't control. You left me because I wanted to protect you, protect us and what future I thought we had. You barely waited two weeks before hooking up with Jonathan – if you waited at all.* He didn't say any of that, though. Instead he just walked away, head held high.

Really, Steve mused as he refilled his cup, it was for the best. Who said teenagers had to mate for life anyway? Steve had his whole life ahead of him to find someone. It was better he saw how Nancy really felt now before things got further along, before he'd done something stupid – something inescapable that tied him to the petite Alpha. At least, that's what he told himself.

"Well, she's got some balls, doesn't she?"

Steve eyed Tommy wearily from where he was getting a beer from the fridge. "Yeah."

Tommy popped the can tab open, taking a deep, long drink, before pulling away and giving Steve a sharp smile. "Bet your glad you threw everything away, huh? Your popularity, me. Carol."

"Tommy," Steve ground out, hand flexing around the plastic cup in his hand, "just fucking don't, okay? I wasn't the one that went away in our friendship."

The other Omega snorted. "Hell of thing to say, Stevie. Want to clarify? Cause I seem to remember that it was *you* who fucking left me behind for goddamn *Nancy Wheeler* of all fucking people."

"I'm not getting into this with you." Steve said, fighting to keep his voice level and firm.

"Whatever you gotta tell yourself to sleep at night. At least I—" Tommy's words faded off, eyes narrowing in interest as he looked over his shoulder. Steve followed the glance, feeling his eyebrows raise at the sight of a newcomer. The guy – an Alpha, undoubtedly, by all the self-confidence he swaggered around with – was currently



hefting himself upside down on the keg, a cheering Carol by his side. He was wearing a pair of jeans that were so tight they could have been painted on, combat boot feet splayed wide to keep balance as he held himself up, a leather jacket open to reveal a sweaty and naked chest. “Who the fuck is that?”

Steve rolled his eyes at the lust in his former friend’s voice. Typical Tommy, dropping slick at the sight of the first pretty Alpha he saw. Steve was already regretting coming. With a sigh, he chugged his drink and wondered how soon he could leave with his dignity intact.

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This town sucked.

Billy was pretty wasted and it *still* sucked. He’d hoped some beers would help give it some sort allure, but *damn*. The Omegas and Beta girls were fucking cows – fucking country bumpkins. Their taste in music sucked, their dancing looked like drugged up third graders wailing around, and it was fucking pathetic how little it took for Billy to have them all eating out of the palm of his fingers. He slipped out the back door and onto an impressive deck that hung perched on the edge of a wooded hill, lighting a cigarette and ignoring a shiver at the cold air against his bare chest.

Fucking hell, it was always cold here. Christ, he missed California so hard it was a physical ache. Fuck Neil; fuck Neil and Max and Susan their stupid, pretty little family. Fuck all of them. A new start, Billy’s ass. There wasn’t anything in the world could possibly make them a family; not a new town, not a new house, nothing. How the fuck could they ever be a family?

He moved onto the deck, leaning against the railing into the dark woods and the inky lake that was hinted at just beyond them. As soon as he was eighteen, he was the fuck out of here. He’d be back in Cali before the sun rose the morning after his birthday if Billy had anything to say about it.

“Hey,” a voice called and Billy startled slightly, swinging around to see someone balanced on the edge of the railing a few feet down, sneakered feet dangling down into abyss below, “mind if I bum a light?”

He was a pretty thing, with perfectly styled hair and pale skin, plump lips and an equally plump looking ass – one that practically screamed how curvy and fat it was in those tight jeans and splayed wide and up by the railing. Billy smirked, stalking over to the other boy. He flipped his zippo out, the flame revealing a slightly more tanned than he thought skin and rich, fawn colored eyes. The Omega (and it was an Omega, Billy could smell him even with whatever perfume he was wearing) reached out, plucking a cigarette from his jacket pocket. Billy watched, feeling his cock twitch as those sweet lips pinched around the filter.

A moment later and the boy pulled back, inhaling deeply before exhaling a plume of smoke. “Thanks.”

“What’s your name, sweetheart?” Billy asked, his voice a low purr that never failed to get anyone wet, Beta or Omega.

The Omega watched him for a moment, before rocking back slightly. “Steve. And you’re Billy Hargrove, our newest Alpha junior.”

“Word gets around fast.” Billy said with a pleased grin. Hell yeah, he fucking *owned* this town already and if it wasn’t such a good ego boost, it’d be pathetic.

Steve snorted, his voice bone dry. “Trust me, you have no idea. Small town living at its best.”

Billy considered him for a moment, taking in the high waisted jeans, tapering to a tiny waist that seemed made for an Alpha’s hands to wrap round them and the tight white shirt that allowed for the hint of cold peaked nipples. He licked his lips in delight. Maybe this hick town had something to offer after all.

“Not *King Steve*, surely.” Billy asked, grin growing wider at how the Omega stiffened at the name. “I thought you didn’t party anymore.”

“I see you’ve met Tommy,” Steve said, voice tight.

“Freckly, pig nosed Omega?” Billy asked, honestly unable to put a name to the face of the handsy, pathetic thing that had practically dry humped his leg an hour earlier.

Steve blinked at him before throwing his head back in laughter and *fuck*, if that wasn't just the prettiest sound. The Omega's body rocked even more precariously on the railing and Billy eyed his frame for a moment, wondering just how much Steve had to drink already. "Damn, that's a spot-on description." Steve's teeth were white and straight in the dark. "Yeah, that'd be Tommy."

"Seems like he's got a bit of a grudge." Not that Billy really cared, but he was kind of hoping to relieve some of the moving stress with a hot, slick hole before the night was over, and *King Steve* was the hottest piece of ass he'd seen all night.

Steve shrugged, taking another hit from his cigarette. "We used to be friends, really close, but I dated someone he didn't like." Another shrug. "He's too fucking shallow to handle that. So. You know. Fuck him, right?"

Billy hummed in agreement, purposely leaning into Steve's space, one arm slumped against the railing. "Heard about that, too."

"I bet you did."

He was still bitter as hell by the break up, if that tone was something to go by. Billy's odds of getting laid tonight just kept getting higher. "It has to suck, running into each other so soon. Heard the sheets were barely cold before she got herself a new Omega."

Steve stiffened, something hot and furious flashing in his eyes. When he exhaled, a cloud of smoke rolled against Billy's face. "And any of this is your business, how?"

Ah, so *there* was King Steve. Billy was having a hard time equating the badass, party King with the mulish, reluctant Omega sitting in front of him. Billy bet Steve could be *real* fun when in the mood and he was determined to find out.

"Just saying," he took an inhale of his own cigarette, left to burn low and neglected, "that Wheeler girl clearly ain't got her head on straight."

Steve turned to look at him fully, his brown eyes suddenly severe and

shrewd, and Billy fought the urge to shift, feeling queerly evaluated, then the senior's lips quirked. A long leg swung over the railing, Steve's body twisting until his back was to the woods. The move was quick and elegant, Steve seemingly at ease and uncaring at how long a drop was waiting for him on the other side.

"Is that so?" His legs spread slightly, sneakers curling around the railing supports as an anchor.

Billy smirked, moving into the 'v' of the Omega's open legs. "Yeah. Byers isn't half as pretty as you."

"Oh, is that how it is?" Steve asked with a laugh, his forefingers looping in Billy's jeans and *fuck yeah, baby*, totally getting laid tonight. Billy let himself be pulled forward, hands splaying out against the railing. "You think I'm pretty, Billy?"

"Gorgeous, babe."

Steve leaned forward, his breath hot against the chill and Billy felt goosebumps prickle along his neck. A cold nose brushed against the skin there, inhaling deeply and Billy let out a heavy breath at the touch and turned his head, face brushing against the ends of that ridiculously styled hair. The Omega hummed, "do I smell good?"

"Like a peach."

There was a huffing laugh at that against his neck and Billy was so hard in his pants already. He could feel the heat of Steve's body, hottest in the small space between their hips, and Billy was fucking ready. It was stupid how horny he was; Billy blamed it on how stressed out fucking Neil had been with the move. Really, it had to be that. Steve was hot, yeah, but-

"Think you can make me feel good?"

Billy lips twisted smugly, a hand coming up to grasp his hip and the warmth of Steve's skin seemed blazing hot against his chilled skin. "I'll make you feel so good, princess."

Steve shivered under his touch and Billy could have crowed at the reaction. Billy had yet to meet an Omega that wasn't wet and ready

when he'd made a mind up to fuck them, and Steve pulled back, eyes wide and hot, those lips parted slightly and *fucking Christ*, Billy wanted to *eat him*, wanted to swallow up everything King Steve was until there was nothing left. Their lips met at the same time, a hunger there guided by alcohol and hormones. Billy's immediately slipped his tongue in, revealing in the sweet, orangey-soda taste he found there.

Steve'd been drinking a lot of the punch, apparently.

He slid his hand up, pulling the white t-shirt free and slipping under it. The skin on Steve's side was buttery soft, smooth and hairless with just a hint of rib. Billy slid his hand up, fingers pressing just deep enough to indent as he went. Steve let out a breathy gasp against Billy's lips as his fingers slid under the flimsy thin fabric of his bra and cupped the small, barely-there mound of breast, giving it a hearty squeeze before letting his hand fall back to Steve's waist.

Billy pulled away with reluctance, feeling his cock jerk violently as he took in Steve's dazed expression, his lips swollen and parted. "Probably don't want to do this here, sweetheart. Unless you're into an audience. Which – hey, kinky – but it's cold as hell."

The Omega licked his lips, blinking a few times as the hazy look dripped away. "My house is like two doors over. My parents are out of town."

Billy grinned, as sharp and wide as a wolf's. "Well, isn't that just convenient."

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

The smuts a coming, a swear. Two whole chapters.  
More chapters soon - I must buy more wine.

## 2. Steve's, Part 1

### Summary for the Chapter:

And he knew, quite suddenly but quite thoroughly, that if he didn't get them inside the house he was going to let Billy Hargrove fuck him on his front lawn.

### Notes for the Chapter:

Drunk again.

Lord, I am so irresponsible.

Some of you mentioned being surprised by the bra. It's not something I really usually do, but I'm going for true intersexed Omegas. My mom has no boobs at all - I'm talking completely flat (TMI yet?) but she still has to wear a bra, so I figured so would male Omegas. Same reason Steve's not on the basketball team. I can't imagine they would allow teenagers of the opposite sex play and share a locker room, much less shower together. Thus, Steve being into softball and gymnastics - two of the most popular female sports of the 80s besides cheer leading.

The pavement seemed to swing underneath Steve's feet, Billy Hargrove's hand a welcome weight in his own. The houses in the neighborhood were spread pretty far enough – something that Steve was usually grateful for – but now it seemed like more of a hindrance than a boon. Of course, some of that could do with the promise of what was waiting for him. Was Steve really going to do this?

The hand holding his tugged, sending Steve tumbling backwards and into a warm chest. Big, wide hands settled on his hips, the Omega moaning when a hot mouth latched onto his neck and bit playfully. *Oh yeah*, Steve thought as he moaned breathlessly, pressing back into the hard body behind him, he was *totally* doing this.

He ground his hips back, lips twisting into a sharp grin at the intake of breath he felt more than heard, before dancing out of reach of the Alpha. He spun around to look at the younger boy; there was no denying that Billy was good looking. He was tall – Steve’s height, maybe a smidge shorter – but so much broader. His shoulders were huge and straight, his bare stomach and chest all tight skin and muscled dips, and he had a jaw strong and straight enough to strike a match on. His skin was a golden tan not often found in Hawkins at any time of the year and the moonlight made his hair look like curled gold, giving him an exotic look.

“Where ya going, sweetheart?” Billy asked, blue eyes dark with intent. Steve licked his lips, cocking his head to the side in challenge, and took a singular, deliberate step back. Billy’s expression went sharp and attentive, eyes somehow growing even darker. “Princess...”

The word was a warning and a dare all in one and Steve’s grin grew even wider. Steve took another step backwards, feeling something in him curl in delight when Billy followed it with a threatening step forward. Another step forward – another step back. And then Steve spun on his heel and *ran*. A loud, irritated growl followed the move and Steve laughed like he hadn’t in what felt like years, ignoring the jerk of nausea in his stomach from all the alcohol as he took off down the street. He could hear the slap of Billy’s combat boots as he followed. The Alpha was fast – but so was Steve. He’d been on the track team before switching to soft ball and his endurance certainly hadn’t suffered for it.

Arousal bloomed even hotter between his hips as the Omega barely dodged Billy’s sweeping hands, cackling as he spun out of the way. If he was sober, Steve probably would be embarrassed with himself – leading an Alpha he barely knew on a *chase* of all things. But he wasn’t sober and as such, Steve was loving it. He wove between the parked cars; a line from Tina’s party that went on a clear mile past her house on either side, barely escaping Billy’s eager grip each time.

Steve’s heart was pounding in his chest, his lungs burning, as he sprinted down the pavement. The Wilksens house flew past; they were almost to his house – they had to be and – and there, he could see the garage lights and – and a force smashed into him from behind. Steve laughed as they tumbled into his front yard. His face

smashed into Billy's hairy arm, the Alpha's limb slipping between him and the ground at the last moment.

Billy's weight was so heavy on top of him and Steve squirmed against it, trying to get up, trying to escape so he could run again. But Billy was unwavering and no matter how deep Steve's hands clawed into the grass, he was thoroughly pinned. He was pulled abruptly onto his back, unable to stifle his laughs at the sight of the Alpha's annoyed yet victorious expression.

"Christ, you're drunk." Billy declared and Steve barely had time to agree with him before an eager mouth was on his. Steve groaned, arms looping around Billy's shoulders, fingers digging deep into those pretty curls. The Alpha's tongue swept into his mouth like he owned it and Steve couldn't help the way his body curved up to press against that solid weight. It was so, so different from being with Nancy.

Female Alphas were a delight in their own right, but there was something about being so thoroughly pinned that made Steve so very wet. He sucked on Billy's tongue, hands pressing his mouth down even harder against his own. The Alpha let out a groaning growl that made Steve feel victorious in his own right before Billy ripped his mouth free to worry his neck with his teeth. Steve moaned, legs falling open to allow the younger boy to slot more perfectly against him.

Billy was a welcomed hardness against his own. He rocked against Billy, feeling that particular feeling of his cheeks sliding together from his slick. Hands rutted his shirt and bra up, and a hungry mouth latched onto one of his nipples. Steve whined, shuddering at the sensation. Billy suckled so insistently, so firmly, as if he expected to coax milk free, and it made some instinct inside of Steve burst free – hot and hungry. And he knew, quite suddenly but quite thoroughly, that if he didn't get them inside the house he was going to let Billy Hargrove fuck him on his front lawn.

He yanked Billy's head back up harshly by the hair, panting. "Inside."

The journey to the door seemed easier said than done, both fumbling as they were seemingly unable to disconnect completely. Steve was a



panting, heated mess by the time he was being pressed against his door by a ravenous Billy. He fumbled with the front door (unlocked, because who even locked their doors in Hawkins?) but couldn't seem to stop kissing Billy long enough to get it open. All at once it clicked open and Steve yelped, crashing backwards without the door's support, but Billy's hands were quick, darting out to loop around his waist to steady him.

"Careful, sweetheart."

And *damn*, that shouldn't sound so goddamn hot.

They stumbled into his foyer, Billy's mouth on his neck again, boot kicking the door shut behind him. Steve groaned as he was spun about, face pressing hard against the wallpaper. Billy was instantly behind him, whispering the filthiest things as the Alpha's hand undid his jeans. Steve stared blearily at the doves and florals next to his face, suddenly struck with just how quickly everything had escalated.

Was Steve...was Steve really going to – with an Alpha he knew *nothing* about - the thought abruptly cut off as his jeans were rucked down, and Billy let out a loud groan at the sight of his slick sheened thighs.

"Fuck," the Alpha cursed hoarsely, "fuck – prettiest fuckin' thing-"

And then he was sinking down, down, *down*, fingers tilting Steve's hips back to reveal his cunt. Steve was suddenly insanely glad he'd trimmed recently even though he hadn't thought there'd be anyone to see it and – and Billy's was mouthing at his folds, his hot, broad tongue dipping between them.

Steve's hands pawed uselessly at the wallpaper, unable to stop the breathy, desperate mewls from tumbling his mouth as he ground back against the eager mouth. Billy ate him out like Steve was his favorite dessert, as if all he'd ever ate was pussy, and Steve felt like he was losing his mind. It was so hot, so wet, so fucking perfect – the best feeling his alcohol glazed mind had ever felt. The tip of his cock was pressing against the wallpaper, the touch growing slicker and smoother as his pre-cum wet it and Steve rocked into it, grinding against the slimy paper.

Behind him Billy was making these happy growls and moans, the vibrations echoing pleasantly against his skin as his fingers digging into Steve's hips to hold him still. As if Steve would ever try to escape that wonderful mouth. "B-Billy," Steve panted, rocking his hips harder, "God, I'm – already, don't stop – oh, *please*."

Steve cried out, back bowing as that dedicated tongue slipped inside him, stars exploding behind his eyes as he came. He was still riding the aftershocks when Billy slid up behind him, his precarious balance against the wall the only thing keeping him upright. A moment later there was a blunt, heavy pressure against his entrance.

"Condom," Steve barely managed to squeak out, impressed with his own responsibility to even remember that the barriers existed.

"Yeah," and *oh*, Billy's voice sounded *wrecked*, "yeah, I gloved up, baby."

And then he was slipping in. Steve sobbed, the pressure and fullness almost too much after his orgasm. For a moment they stilled, Billy's balls a heavy weight against him, and then the Alpha moved. Steve cried out, hands flying back to scramble against Billy's shoulders before curling into his jacket.

"B-Billy, oh," Steve moaned, and his hips shifted on some ancient reflex, and they both groaned as Billy slipped deeper inside him, "fucking – *move*, you asshole!"

There was a thready laugh behind him and then Billy was pulling back and plunging in at a violent pace. Steve's breath hitched, nipples tingling as his chest was pressed up against the wall with each harsh thrust.

"So fucking tight." Billy groaned, his breath forge-hot against his ear. Steve moaned in agreement, pressing back against the Alpha's body. The thrusts were almost brutal, rocking Steve onto the tips of his feet with each strike forward. It was hard, it was almost painful. It was exactly what he needed. Steve could feel the tension of the last few weeks leaving him and the relief of it was bone deep.

The entryway was filled with the sounds of their coupling; Steve's

whines and moans, Billy's open-mouth pants, and the sloppy, wet sound of the Alpha's cock slamming into his almost alarmingly dripping cunt. Steve swore he'd never been so wet before, not even with Nancy. Nancy's cock was wonderful; just a shy above average with a tilt to the left. Billy wasn't much longer, but he was so *thick*. He forced Steve apart, his cock so hard and broad that the Omega swore he could feel each vein and swell. His head felt enormous and thick in him and Steve was lost at the feel of it, feeling even drunker at the thought of Billy's knot.

Their coupling was reaching a fever pitch, the younger boy cursing between every pant, and Steve shivered at the feel of Billy's sweat dripping against his neck. He craned his head back, eagerly seeking Billy's mouth. The kiss was more of an open mouth pant, the two sharing breath until Steve felt light headed. Billy let out a loud '*fuck*' his hips driving in deep one more time and then his knot was swelling fat. Steve gasped, head flopping limply against the Alpha's shoulder as the muscle grew inside him. His hands flew to Billy's at his hips, nails digging deep as his toes strained straight, calf muscles tight and burning as his sneakers slid against the wood floor as his legs flew wide. He couldn't bring himself to be ashamed of the keening cry that escaped him, knotting muscles clamping tight around the intrusion.

Steve's insides wound somehow tighter, his entire body drawn tight and quivering, mouth hanging open and eyes distant. The second orgasm was so much stronger than the first, his cock spurting weakly. He could feel his insides cycling, gripping and releasing around the knot before gripping tighter, pulling at the bloated muscle. Billy's face was pressed against his neck, chest heaving against Steve's back, hips grinding in a fruitless attempt to somehow get *deeper*.

There was a whimper – whisper quiet and more breath than not – and then Billy gave a full body shake, releasing inside. Steve let out a relieved sigh, going limp.

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Billy's hands tightened as he felt the Omega go lax, pulling the unmoving body further against his own. He twisted, his back barely touching the wall before they were sliding down. He knees felt weak, his heart pounding in his chest as they sank in an ungraceful pile.

Billy hadn't come like that in ages.

He blamed the chase; Christ, nothing got an Alpha's knot throbbing like a good chase. Billy couldn't even remember the last time an Omega had initiated one with him. Steve whined as the knot shifted, but Billy ignored him as he settled the senior more firmly into his lap. Steve's head shifted on his shoulder, rolling over until his forehead was pressed against Billy's jaw.

The Omega let out a pleased sound, hands sliding up Billy's forearm in a pet, and his voice was still breathless as he let out a laugh. "Big boy."

Billy's grin could have cut glass. "Told ya I'd make you feel good."

There was a sharp nip against his jaw. "Don't be a dick."

Billy sniggered, his hands slipping underneath the shirt and to the smooth skin beneath. He splayed them wide over the Omega's hips, and a part of him sparked at the idea that he was there, deep inside, just underneath his skin. Steve let out a shaky gasp as Billy's fingers played with his limp cock, fluttering up against the small muscle.

"Billy."

The Alpha smirked against Steve's ear before biting at the lobe and dragging his tongue against it. The Omega quivered against him, hips squirming. They both let out a strained sound as the move pulled at the knot, Steve letting out a quiet 'oh' before repeated the motion. Billy's head slammed against the wall as pleasure – icy and prickly – shot up his spine. He tightened his hand around the Omega's cock in warning and felt his eyebrows shoot up in surprise as it began to fill in his grip.

"Seriously?"

"Shut up," Steve said, embarrassed. "I'm – I'm a teenager. Low...low refraction rate."

"Refractory."

*"Shut up."*

Steve hips slid back, his hole tightening against Billy's knot in a way that made him see white. A muted warning flared in the back of his mind. The condom was probably already full, it wasn't meant for more. But the thought was gone just as quickly as it came as Steve began to rock against him, his little cock fully erect in Billy's hand. He slid his hand up, admiring the length; Steve was pretty well hung for an Omega. He swirled his fingers against the head, groaning as the action made Steve lock even harder against him.

Steve began to move against him in earnest, his hands digging into Billy's thighs for support as he rose the minute amount he could before dropping back down. His head hung limply down, shoulders tensed and sharply pronounced as Steve's breathing picked up again. The move tugged at his knot in the best way and Billy cursed out, staring at Steve's pale neck. He took it back, Hawkins had at least one good thing. Who knew that such a bumpkin town could hold such a slut?

Already gagging on his knot and still wanting more. He told the Omega as much, nearly choking on the last word as Steve's pace increased, his eyes rolling back into his head at the sensation. It was almost too much, almost painful, and somehow yet not enough. Impossibly, he felt his knot swelling even more, could hear the hitching groan that Steve let out as it pried him even further apart.

"You like that?" Billy demanded with a snarl, a hand curling possessively around that delicate neck. "You like being a slut?" His hips began to shift up to meet Steve, his fingers tugging at the Omega's nipples until the older boy was a squirming, whimpering mess. "You like being my little whore?"

Steve let out startled gasp of his name, honest-to-god throwing his head back like some fucking porn actor. Billy snarled again, the sound damn near feral. He slammed the whining Omega onto his front, one hand keeping them steady, the feeling odd as half of his palm was on a plush welcome rug while the other was on cold wood. One knee pushing against the hard wood while his foot of the other leg found purchase against the wall. His free hand pinned Steve down by his neck, his hips pulling the knot so far back that he could see Steve's hole go convex against it.

It had to hurt, had to, every Omega told him so, but the move seemed to only drive Steve even wilder and – *holy shit, was this for real?* Billy slammed back in, grinding until he felt his head hit against something. Against what could only be the mouth of Steve's womb. Billy came again abruptly with the realization, eyes squeezing shut and teeth grinding together against a sudden and overwhelming urge to bite down. His hips drove forward, pressing so hard against Steve's cheeks that he could feel a burst of pain as their hips ground together. Steve's hands gripped at the rug, pulling it away from the door and partially up as he came around Billy again, tears streaking down his cheeks and lips shiny with spit as he whined.

They collapsed against the floor in a sweaty pile and Billy was so fucking thirsty all the sudden. The drinks from the party seemed to come crashing down all at once and he swallowed against his parched mouth, throat clicking loudly.

"Jeez," Steve said, folding his arms into a more comfortable position, resting his damp brow against them, "I needed that."

"Fuck yeah." Billy agreed. "You're one kinky boy, King Steve."

Steve's honeyed eyes snapped to stare at him, harder than the cold wood beneath them. "Don't call me that."

Billy paused, head cocking to the side. Then, after a moment. "Sure." He rolled them onto their sides, reaching for a cigarette from his jacket and pausing as he moved to light it. Steve was eyeing him. "What?"

The Omega seemed to consider something. "My mom hates it when I smoke inside."

Then he plucked the cigarette from Billy's lips and the lighter from his hands and lit it. Billy laughed, delighted. "Well, well. Aren't you wild."

"Shut up," Steve grumbled around an inhale, smoking curling with the words, "we can't be all hotshots from California."

"Mores the pity," Billy muttered, accepting the offered cigarette. Billy

stretched out the best he could, arms locking behind his head in an impromptu pillow. Steve wiggled, and Billy's breath caught slightly as his knot throbbed (it was definitely the wrong side of painfully now, but fuck – what a way to go) before the Omega's head settled against his bent bicep.

Steve stiffened against him then began to giggle almost uncontrollably.

“What?” Billy demanded. “What? What's so funny?”

“T-The wallpaper,” Steve heaved and Billy followed a shaking finger to wear Steve's cum was slowly sliding down the wall, “it's my mother's favorite. She had it imported from France. I ca-came *all over* it.”

Billy snorted, his lips twitching in a grin. “You sure your folks aren't gonna come storming in any minute? Cause hate to break it to you princess, but even your fine ass ain't worth that trouble.”

“Nah,” Steve said, head turning to look at him. “They're never home.”

“Never?”

“Never. Mom likes to travel and Dad's always out of town on work.”

“You got this big whole house to yourself? Fucking lucky.” Billy would kill for that set up. Hell, even for a day. A day without Neil was the best type of present. But something shifted in Steve's eyes, his smile somehow suddenly different.

“Yeah, lucky me.”

A weird silence fell after those words, strangely heavy as the two stared at each other. This close, Steve was almost criminally pretty. His hair was wild from sex, his cheeks still flushed, a heat to his face that seemed to match the warm grip around his knot. Billy's eyes roamed over those well-formed features, taking in slightly chapped lips, doe eyes large and clear with thick lashes and Brooke Shields eyebrows.

Steve's head tipped slightly, pressing forward and Billy met him without thought. The kiss was light, Steve's tongue a slick warmth as it swiped against his own. The arm that Steve's head wasn't resting on curved down, his hand cupping the Omega's nape as the kiss deepened. They pulled apart, Steve's eyes half-massed demurely – which should be ridiculous and impossible given the fact that Billy was balls deep inside him.

Steve's fingers fiddled with his zipper, thumb running over the teeth before the back of his knuckles pressed against Billy's chest in a stroke. "Wanna spend the night?"

Neil would kill him.

Neil would fucking *end him*.

But then again, Billy was already in deep shit. He was supposed to be home two hours ago.

"Sure. Why the hell not?"

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

^----- Porn. Do we like the porn? I hope we liked the porn.

(And some actual plot and junk.)



### 3. Steve's, Part 2

#### Summary for the Chapter:

The Alpha watched him for a moment, fighting the urge to roll Steve over and take him again while he was like this, all tender and sweet.

#### Notes for the Chapter:

Druuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuunk.

Un-betaed.

(Cause I'm drunk)

By the time Billy's knot went down, he felt like he could walk the Harrington's entryway blindfolded. Steve rolled away when they detached, standing limber and easy-like he didn't just have a knot up his pussy for fifteen minutes. The Alpha followed him up into a sitting position, one leg curled under him, the other up and bent, hands hanging loosely over his naked crotch. He watched as Steve stretched both hands above his head with a yawn, rising up onto his toes in a move that put every inch of his leanly muscled lines on display.

He seemed utterly unashamed of the cum that was dripping down his thigh, and Billy didn't even know if it was Steve's or some spillage from the mouth of the condom, or a mix of them both. But *shit*, what a pretty sight.

Billy felt his dick give a valiant attempt to harden again as Steve fell flat onto his feet, eyeing Billy over his shoulder. "I'll grab you some clothes. I think I have something that'll fit those shoulders." Billy waved the offer away but Steve just shot him a crooked, smug grin. "Dude, you've got cum and slick all over your pants."

Billy glanced down at his lap, snickering at the mess there before reaching down and pulling the condom free with a grimace. He tied it off, holding the grievously strained plastic away from him.

“Where’d’ya want me to put this?”

Steve, already halfway down a hallway, made a dismissive wave with his hand. “Wherever, man. Kitchen trash is right there.”

Billy wrinkled his nose and found the nearest bathroom and flushed it down the toilet instead. Steve appeared back down the stairs, wearing a sleep shirt that looked little more than an oversized t-shirt and white athletic socks. Billy licked his lips, taking in the exposed thighs and wondered if the pretty Omega had anything else on. He slid a pair of sweats and a t-shirt across the tile countertops to him. “Here, change. I’ll throw your clothes in the wash.”

Billy stripped where he stood, pulling on the sweat pants and ignoring the t-shirt completely. Steve disappeared down some steps before appearing back a few moments later. He reached into the fridge and pulled out some beers, cracking them open on the counter top before offering one to Billy.

“Hungry?”

“Sure am.” Billy said around the bottle mouth, eyes fastened on the way that t-shirt slipped up as Steve reached up into his stupidly oversized fridge.

“Cool. I’ve got some pizza rolls around here, I think.”

Billy tipped his head back, swallowing the beer in two solid gulps and feeling a burst of renewed heat at the alcohol. He set the drink down silently, moving across the floor to grab the Omega by the hips. Steve shuddered in his grip and the way he clung to the freezer door did all sorts of terrible things to Billy’s ego. He mouthed lightly at Steve’s neck as his hands slid down the older boy’s thighs and pushed the t-shirt up.

“Billy?” He loved the way his name sounded like that – all breathless and wanton. “B...Billy?”

Steve’s breath hitched when he slid his hand a hand between his legs, feeling his cock throb at the sticky wetness he found there. He let out a huff of disbelief; if Steve had cleaned himself up, he hadn’t done it

well.

“Not hungry for pizza rolls, sweetheart.” Billy said around a gruff chuckle, pressing an open kiss against Steve’s nape as his fingers slid up further. Steve was still wet, his folds sticky and moist to the touch, and Steve gasp loudly – first as Billy’s finger filtered over his pussy, then again when he slumped forward, his chest pressing flat against the chilly freezer lip. It was fucking unbelievable how hot this kid was. Billy almost couldn’t believe it, laughing at the way Steve whimpered as his fingers slipped in, pressing fully back against his digits.

He wasn’t quite ready to get hard again – not just yet – but fuck all if his dick wasn’t trying. Billy pinned his weight against Steve, enjoying the way the Omega tried to squirm away from the cold on his front, and pumped his fingers in a slow, systematic fucking.

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Steve was gripping the freezer so hard, he was half afraid he was going to tip the fridge over. He couldn’t believe they were going at it again, but Steve couldn’t deny the burning heat in his stomach or the way his hips chased those thick fingers. His nipples had tightened to pebbles, oversensitive by the cold and the pull of his t-shirt. A vague, asinine struck Steve – he wondered what Jake, the then senior that Steve had dated as a sophomore for all of two weeks before he’d left for college – would think if he knew just what Steve was doing in the shirt he’d left behind. He would have giggled at it, if he wasn’t so taken by the way that Billy’s fingers were so thorough in their exploration of him.

Steve shivered, ignoring the shock of cold as his forehead dropped down to rest against the icy freezer bottom. He found himself rising up to meet each thrust, rocking on the balls of his feet as his cock leaked. He was gonna have to *bleach* the house tomorrow. Steve impossibly felt another orgasm begin to build as Billy spread three fingers wide, a strangled cry escaping him as a forth slipped in. A hand curled around his cock, pumping and the Omega’s eyes squeezed close, entire body shaking as he came. The fingers in him stilled before pulling out, but Steve only had a moment to catch his breath before Billy’s mouth was on him again, nipping and sucking bruises on his neck as he humped Steve’s ass, the hand on his dick a

solid, grounding weight.

“Damn, baby.” Billy rasped out, his hands on Steve’s hips hard enough to bruise. “So fucking good for me.”

Steve tried not to preen at the words, aware that this night was a one night stand and probably not much more, but it was so hard after being without Nance for so long. Without being around anyone. He let Billy turn him, arms curling around the Alpha’s shoulders as they kissed. Steve let himself be pulled away, arm reaching behind him blindly to shove the freezer door shut.

He gasped when he was suddenly being lifted – lifted like he weighed nothing – and Steve wasn’t even going to pretend that didn’t make him even wetter. He was placed heavily on the counter, legs wrapping tightly around Billy’s waist. He scooted back, straining forward to try and keep contact with the Alpha’s seeking mouth for as long as possible. They broke apart as he came to the middle of the counter and Steve laughed at the surprise on Billy’s face as he used his legs to haul him up on to the island with him.

“Holy shit.” Billy said in surprise, blue eyes wide as he settled around Steve like a living cage. “That’s kinda hot. You lift, babe?”

“Gymnastics.” Steve said as he leaned forward, catching Billy’s bottom lip with his teeth. He darted his tongue across it, nipping lightly before releasing it. “You’d be surprised how much time we spend in the weight room.”

Something hot flashed in Billy’s eyes. “Gymnastics, huh?”

And then Steve’s leg was being pressed up and flat, and the Omega gave a gasp of surprise both at the slight burning stretch and how the move opened him wide to the Alpha’s eyes. Billy’s gaze swept hungrily over his form, licking his lips before he dove down. Steve arched up with a whine, a hand tangling in Billy’s curls as the Alpha bit down on his nipple harshly. The pain was soothed seconds later by a hungry tongue and Steve let out a choked sound, hands flying down to the waist band of the sweats.

Billy’s cock was hard and only grew harder as he freed it. “In,” Steve

demanded.

*“Fuck-”*

“In, get in, Billy I swear to god – ah!” Lights flashed across his eyes as his head slammed against the tile, arm flaring out and knocking a bowl full of plastic fruit off the island and onto the tile floor with a clatter. Steve knew from the moment Billy breached him they’d forgotten a condom, because the Alpha felt so good – too good – for there to be a condom. Everything in Steve seemed to light up at the feel of the bare skin sliding in and out of him and the Omega whimpered at it, hands clutching at the counter edge in desperation. Billy fucked into him with abandonment, each thrust threatening to send them sliding from the island.

“Billy,” Steve moaned, “you gotta – a condom, Billy you gotta...you gotta pull out.” But even as he said those words, Steve’s legs wrapped tightly around the Alpha’s thick waist. Billy let out a groan, his grip painful around Steve’s forearms.

“Y-Yeah, just-” Billy bit out past grit teeth, “just – just let me – I’ll pull out. Oh fuck, Steve, I’ll pull out – just – just.”

*“Billy.”* Steve begged, because this was stupid. This was how stupid people got pregnant – how babies were made and he had to stop this, had to make Billy pull out but god, how could he when it felt so perfect. So fucking perfect, so right. “Billy,” he tried again, nails digging deep into tan skin. “Billy, we – we gotta – we *can’t*.”

“I – fuck – I don’t have another.” The younger boy growled.

“My room,” Steve whispered, “in my – in my room, I’ve – I’ve got a box.”

There was a rough *“shit,”* and then Billy was pulling out. Steve’s legs tightened again without thought and Billy’s ground back in hard, his eyes shut and mouth parted in a silent snarl, and Steve swore the feel of that thrust punched his very breath from his lungs. The Alpha was shaking, entire body trembling, and Steve tried so hard not to beg him to move again, to whine and whimper, to make Billy finish what he’d started.

Blue eyes glared down at him warningly and Steve shuddered, locking down on hard on the cock inside him at how well Billy wore that look. The Alpha snarled again. “Not making this easy, princess.”

Then Billy was off of the island, dragging Steve off by his ankle. The Omega swayed on his feet, staring at the panting Alpha in front of him, feeling his slick drip from him and down his thigh, onto the kitchen floor. Billy was staring at his legs, at his slick, eyes heavy with intent. Steve took a stumbling step back before taking Billy’s hand and pulling.

“My room – it’s not far.”

“Yeah.” Billy said, voice harsh.

They made it as far as the hallway before the Alpha was on him again. Steve’s fingers dug into the carpet, panting and more aroused than he could remember being outside of heat. It had to be the alcohol, he’d had so much to drink tonight. Or maybe how long it’d been. Nancy hadn’t touched him months. That – that had to be it, because he didn’t even *know* Billy Hargrove and – and – and Steve was letting him slip between his legs, squirming at the feel of a hot, wet cock thrusting between his thighs. The feel of Billy Hargrove’s cockhead rubbing against his length was the shit porn was made of and Steve squirmed, ignoring the dry taste as carpet fibers got in his panting mouth.

“Gonna – gonna wreck you,” Billy’s voice was a low, rumbling rasp – all rough and deep. “Gonna split that little hole all open again, make it take my knot till you can’t fucking *walk, Jesus Christ.*”

Steve managed to break away when Billy’s cock began to thrust against him again, the weeping head smearing against his opening. He ran on weak legs, hand slapping out to grip the wall every few feet to keep himself from toppling over. He slammed into his room, yanking his sock drawer open and fumbling with the condom box. He peeled one free, turning to offer it to Billy and felt his thoughts stall.

Billy was standing in his door, backlit by the hallway light, features dark. He was staring at Steve with such intensity that the Omega felt his stomach drop somewhere down by his knees, something akin to

fear but far different – something that made his skin feel too tight and too hot at the same time. He offered the condom, trying to ignore the way his fingers trembled. There was less than six steps between them, but Billy seemed to stalk across his bedroom nonetheless. The Alpha never broke eye contact as he ripped the condom open and slid it over his turgid length.

“Get on the bed. Hands and knees.”

Steve hesitated but obeyed, feeling a shiver dance down his spine as Billy followed behind him. He tensed, hands gripping his sheets tightly, before going completely lax as Billy’s cock slid into him.

“Oh shit.” Billy groaned and that was the only warning Steve got before he was suddenly being fucked within an inch of his life. He thought the foyer had been intense, but this was something else entirely. Steve’s headboard was slamming into the wall with every thrust, hard enough to shake the mounted pictures on the wall, and Steve’s pussy felt like it was going to be split apart. It was perfect in a way that Steve didn’t know he needed. The Omega felt completely owned, completely wanted (even if it was only in this one moment) as Billy cursed and growled above him, and when a hand pressed heavily against his shoulder blades, the Omega obediently dropped his chest, hips canting up.

The sound Billy made was almost broken, and somehow doubled his pace, hips slamming in so hard that Steve’s lips stung. “Oh – Oh *fuck* yes,” Billy growled out, “*fuck* you feel good. So tight, so wet. Jesus, Steve. Good Omega.”

*Good Omega.*

It should have been degrading.

*No one* said that kind of shit anymore. No one decent, anyway.

Steve only felt himself get wetter. His cock was being pressed down into his sheets, ground against the firm mattress, and the Omega tore at the sheets, ripping them free as he felt Billy’s pace begin to stutter, felt the aggressive swell of his knot. His cunt ached, still tender from earlier, but Steve still came with a cry, clenching down so hard that

he felt his ass shake with the tension.

Billy's fingernails dug into his hips, his head thrown back, mouth open as he panted and his hips gave one final, violent thrust before he was filling Steve. The Omega let out a happy sound, relaxing into his bed as Billy collapsed against him, arms bracketing his own. "Mother of fucking Mary," the Alpha panted, "hell, Harrington. Your pussy is grade A, man."

Steve huffed. "Gross."

And it was such a gross, gross thing to say.

But he couldn't deny the warm contentedness that seemed to sweep over him at the warmth and weight of Billy atop him. His bed was just the right amount of soft and firm, and Steve felt so stupidly safe – for the first time since he and Nancy parted – and he was so tired, and Billy's mouth felt so nice as he kissed his shoulders and...

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The pale light of morning woke him. That, and a raging headache. Billy groaned, rubbing at his forehead as he stared up at the popcorn ceiling that was free of cracks or water stains and most definitely not his own. He was so dead. Neil was going to kill him this time. Billy had never just *not* come home before. Maybe, if he left now, it was still early...Maybe he'd get lucky and his dad would have gone to bed before he was supposed to come. He fumbled against the sweats pockets, desperate for a smoke and trying to ignore the growing ball of anxiety and fear in his chest.

The warm weight curled against his side shifted and Billy turned, a cigarette halfway to his mouth. Looking at him now, there was no way you'd know that Steve Harrington was such a hellcat in the bedroom. The Omega was snuggled up against his side, face partially hidden against Billy's chest, long lashes splayed against the apple of his cheek and pink lips parted ever so slightly.

He looked innocent and sweet like this, sweet and young. Nothing like the panting, desperate whore who rode Billy until his knot actually hurt. The Alpha tucked the smoke behind his ear, fingers curling around Steve's nape to tilt his head back. The Omega went



with the move – so pliant and trusting and *soft* in a way that made something in Billy tighten and – Billy ducked down, tongue darting inside those open lips.

Steve woke slowly, like a cat, blinking languidly up at him before fluttering close again, leaning lazily into the kiss. Billy pulled away, taking in Steve's sleepy face.

“Gotta go, sweetheart.”

The Omega blinked up at him, watching as he stood from the bed. “M’k. Do you,” he paused to yawn, “do you need me to get your clothes?”

“Nah, man. We never moved them to the dryer. Mind if I borrow a shirt?”

Steve shook his head, curling into himself, eyes sluggish. “Yeah, that’s fine.” He blinked heavily again. “You...you gonna get in trouble?”

“Don’t worry about it.” Billy said as he pulled a shirt from Steve’s floor. “Bring my clothes Monday, okay?”

“Mm.” Steve murmured, already asleep. The Alpha watched him for a moment, fighting the urge to roll Steve over and take him again while he was like this, all tender and sweet, before turning away. Billy’s legs felt like lead as he walked down the street towards the Camaro, his mind still caught up in Steve’s honeyed scent.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Hope you guys enjoyed the ride. I have some ideas of where to go next. I may do more chapters with actual plot and feelings if you guys are interested. I may be less drunk for it. Shit's expensive to keep up.